'49

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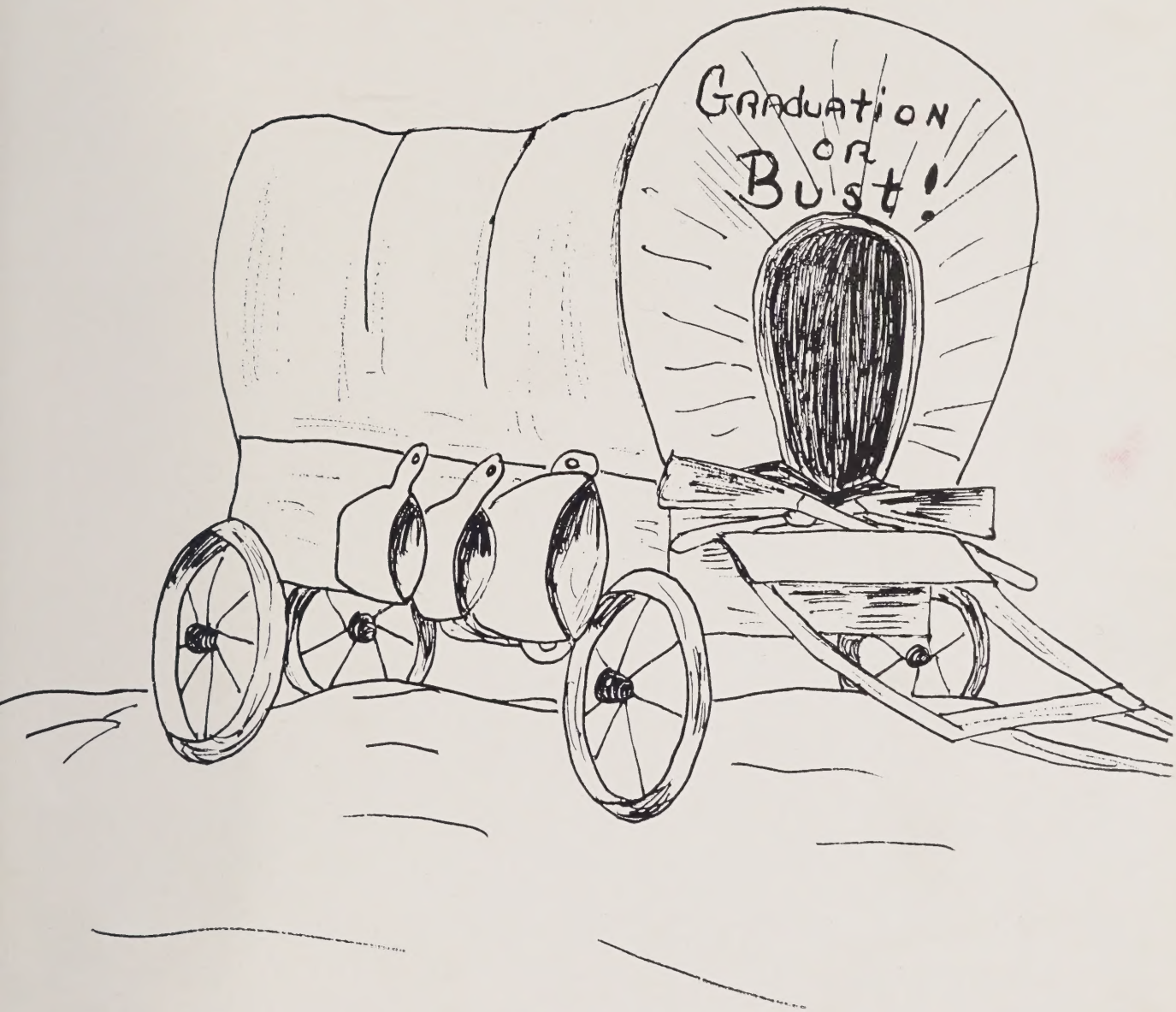
God bless and keep you, Jane!
I won't ever forget your excellent chorostomistic
ability and all that you could
have been. Maybe in Heaven ....!!
Anyway I enjoyed reading your
papers — tests, examinations (ah
science) et cetera, et cetera!
My special love - Grade A,
(Mother) Margaret Potts
RCE

The Victorian
1949

St. Genevieve-of-the-Pines Academy
Asheville, North Carolina



The Forty-niners

present . . . . . .

There's

Gold

in

these--hyar

pages

May a daily "Memorare"
keep us always united in the
Heart of Our Heavenly Mother,
dear Jane.
M. Bowman R.S.C.J.

Dedication

To Mother Bowman, whose unfailing generosity has inspired us to the highest ideals of Pineship, we lovingly dedicate this annual.

Reverend Nicholas Liston, M. A.

Chaplain

The Assayers

Sitting: Mother Meehan, Mother Mouquet, Reverend Mother Sharry, Mother Potts, Mother Leible, Mother Lunsford.

Standing: Mother Bowman, Mother Monceaux.

Sitting: Miss Alice Songe, Miss Rosemary Engelbert, Miss Louise Wilson, Mr. Hugh Stanard, Mrs. Mazel Lyke, Miss Rose McKenna.

Standing: Miss Opal Brown, Miss Betty Sharry, Miss Edith Feliu, Mrs. May Jo Perky.

THE VICTORIAN STAFF

Editor-in-chief ..... CAMERON LINK

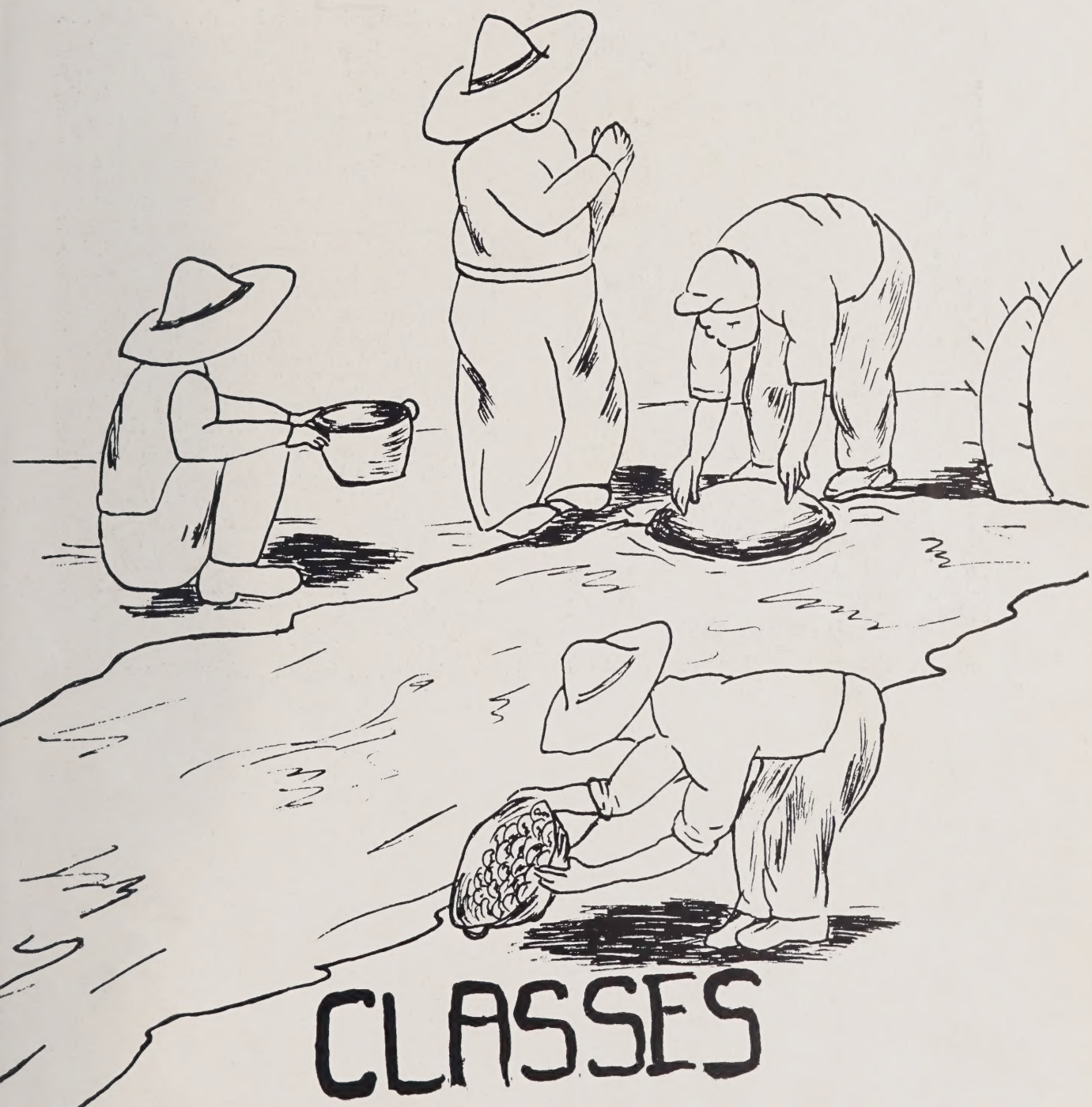
Business manager ..... ELIZABETH GREGG

Associate editors ..... CARLIN SPEIR, ANN WILLIAMSON

Art editor ..... DOROTHY REISIG

Photographic editor ..... HARRIET HOPKINS

Circulation manager ..... JANICE LAMBERT



CLASSES

CAMERON LINK

President

ivy . . . leather bound volumes . . . anchor . . .

Throughout our four years Cameron has been an inspiration to us all with her unfailing capability, originality, and leadership. She is the golden link which has bound us together with sincerity and loyalty. Like a treasured memory she will continue to grow more dear to us every day.

Class president, '46, '47, '48, '49; Pine Tree Club, '49, president, '49; Victorian Staff, Editor-in-chief, '49; Trait d'Union Club, '46, '47, '48, '49, treasurer '47, president, '48; Club Las Amigas, '48, '49; Latin Club, '49; Archivist Club, '49; Pineers, '46, '47, '48, '49, treasurer, '47; Glee Club, '46; Softball, '46, 47, '48, '49; Tenikoit, '46, '47, '48; Volleyball, '46, '47, '48, '49; Field Day, '46, '47, '48, '49, Captain, '46, '47, '48, '49; Christmas play, crew, '47; Christmas play, '49; Spring play, '46; Senior play, '49; Valentine Court, '46; Yellow Ribbon, '46, '47, '48, '49; Who's Who.

MARY TOWER

Vice-president

kettle . . . forest . . . buttered toast

With sincerity unlimited and boundless undersanding, Mary has carved her initials deep in our memories. Her ability to see both sides of the question at hand will without a doubt continue to make her one of the most loved members of any group. Our four years have been all the more golden for her presence here at Saint Genevieve's.

Class secretary, '47; Vice-president, '48, '49; Trait d'Union Club, '46, '47, '48, '49, secretary, '48, president, '49; Club Las Amigas, '48, '49; Latin Club, '49; Archivist Club, '49, Secretary of the Interior, '49; Pineers, '46, '47, '48, '49; Glee Club, '46, '47, '48, '49; Music Club, '48, secretary-treasurer, '48; Softball, '46, '47, '48, '49; Tenikoit, '46, '47, '49; Volleyball, '46, '47, '48, '49; Basketball, '47, '48, '49; Field Day, '46, '47, '48, '49; Christmas play, '49; Spring play, crew, '48; Senior play, '49; Orchestra, '48; Yellow Ribbon, '47.

JERRE KING

Secretary

deep waters . . . velvet . . . Ave Maria . . .

Won't the memory of Jerre always be among your treasured thoughts? To remember her will be like recalling the sweetest strains of an unforgettable melody. Pastels, lace, and an old fashioned bouquet are symbolic of the calmness, fragility, and complexity that is Jerre. She will ever remain in the golden part of our memory.

Entered September 1947; Class secretary, '49; Sodality, '48, '49, president, '49; Club Las Amigas, '48, '49; Archivist Club, '48, '49; Pineers, '48, '49; Glee Club, '48, '49; Music Club, '48; Softball team, '48, '49; Tenikoit, '48, '49; Basketball, '48, '49; Volleyball '48, '49; Field Day, '48, '49; Christmas play, '49; Spring play, '48, '49.

'49

BETTE VERE BRADLEY

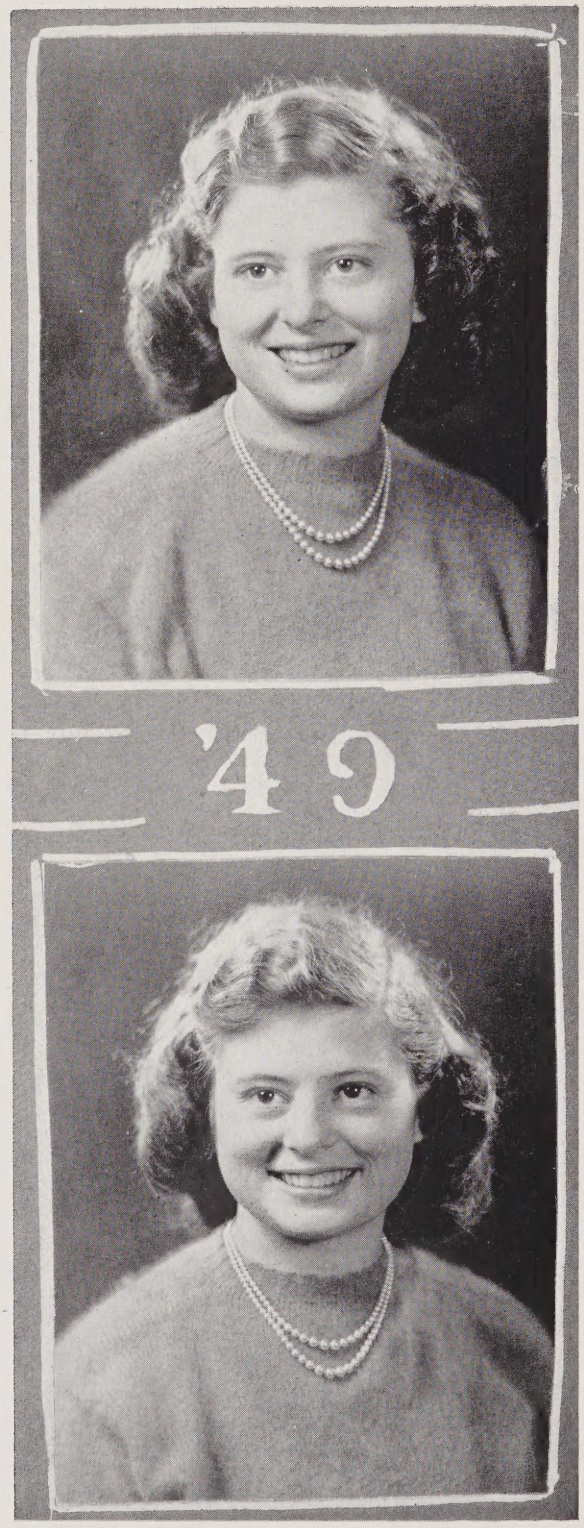
Treasurer

. . . mint julep . . Federal Reserve . . magnolia . .

Like a spider weaving a gilded web of amity, efficiency, and geniality, Bette Vere has wound herself into the spirit of the class. It is difficult to limit all her capabilities and possibilities to a few words, for she has countless enviable traits. Let it suffice to say that we have grown to love her, and that all we could wish for her future would never be enough.

Entered February 1948; Class treasurer, '49; Sodality, '48, '49; Trait d'Union Club, '48, '49; Latin Club, '49; Archivist Club, president, '49; Pineers, '48, '49; Softball team, '49; Basketball team, '49; Spring play, stage crew, '48, assistant director, '49; Senior play, assistant director, '49; Field Day, '48, '49; Dramatics Club, '49.

married



married

JUNEDEAN BATCHELDER

. . . sunshine . . . June . . . daisy . . .

As inseparable as bread and butter, as two sides of a coin, so May and June will constantly be found together. Deeply religious and appreciative of the little things, they have quietly taken their places in the second seats of the middle rows, and in our hearts.

Entered September, 1948; Latin Club, '49; Pineers, '49; Glee Club, '49; Dramatics Club, '49; Archivist Club, '49; Softball team, '49; Christmas play, '49; Senior play, '49.

MAYDEAN BATCHELDER

moonlight . . . May . . . Cereus

Mix inquisitiveness with generous portions of cooperation and industry, stir with a ladle of ability and you will discover the twins.

Latin Club, '49; Archivist Club, '49; Pineers, '49; Clee club, '49; Softball team, '49; Dramatics club, '49; Christmas play, '49; Senior play, '49.

Dear Jane -
You are a swell
girl and deserve the
best of all things -
All my love,
Joanne

Married
Bud Gerrould

'49

Warre
Dr. Hal

JOANNE COX

limpid . . . autumn . . . felt . . .

One can't very well forget Joanne without taking the azure from the sky on a pretty summer day. No matter whether you've a pain in your foot or an ache in your heart, Joanne with her unsurpassed sympathy is the one to turn to for kindly understanding. As sparkling as dew on a soft blue violet, she will liven any group almost immediately. We predict clear sailing for Joanne.

Trait d'Union Club, '46, '47, '48, '49; Club Las Amigas, '48, '49; Latin Club, '49; Archivist Club, '49, Secretary of Commerce, '49; Pineers, '46, '47, '48, '49; Glee Club, '46, '48, '49; Softball team, '46, '48, '49, Captain, '49; Tenikoit, '46; Volleyball, '47; Basketball, '46, '47; Field Day, '46, '47, '48, '49.

JOAN FLYNN

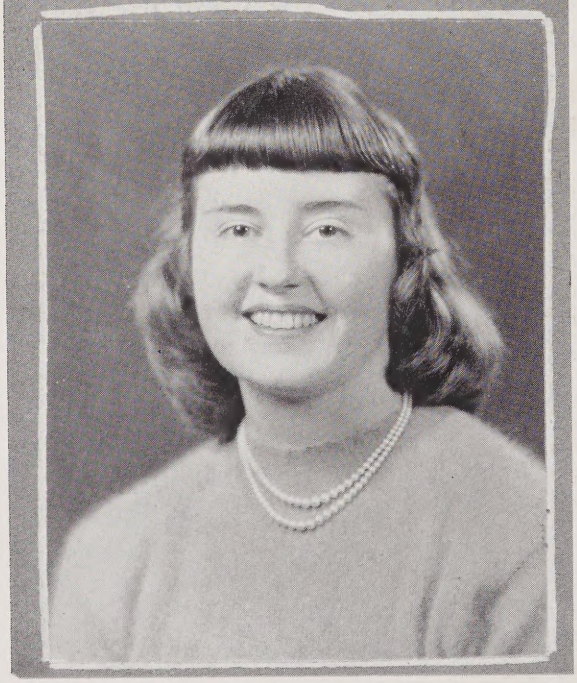
ruby . . . Gibraltar . . . Eskimo . . .

Dark eyes, a sparkling smile, and a cheery manner to win the best of us personifies Joan. Her unrestrained humor is totally disarming and brings to mind a jolly, frolicking clown. Even though she has been a part of us only a year, Joan has won for herself a first seat in all our hearts.

Entered September, 1948; Club Las Amigas, '49; Archivist Club, '49; Glee Club, '49; Senior play, '49; Basketball, '49; Pineers, '49.

Dear Jane,
Won't ever forget Sen.
English & History. We
had fun even if our
Class did lose field
day! Love Joan

'49



ELEANOR GREENE

lavendar . . . rock garden . . . moss pink . . .

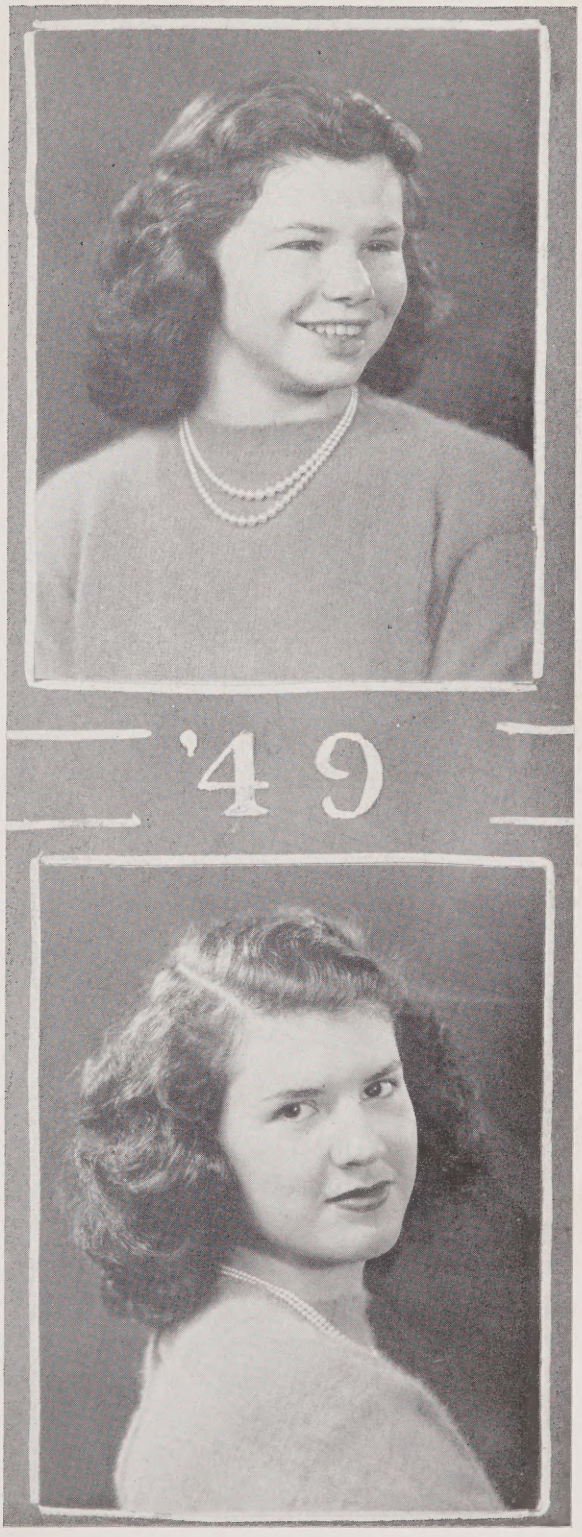
Eleanor will be remembered as one of the best loved members of our class. We have long admird her for her quiet and unassuming ways, and yet, whenever a friend was needed, Eleanor was there with a bit of good advice. Sometime in the future when you hear of Mrs. George, you will know that it is Eleanor, one of the most loyal and sympathetic girls ever to grace our campus.

Entered September, 1947; Trait d'Union Club, '48, '49; Club Las Amigas, '49; Pineers, '48, '49; Glee Club, '48; Music Club, '48; Field Day, '49; Senior play, properties manager, '49.

ELIZABETH GREGG

Mademoiselle . . . Morganthau . . . orchid . . .

Tall, attractive, and friendly . . . That strikes the key note for Elizabeth, who has made herself an invaluable part of our class. She will go far in the world, for by her outstanding determination she will reach her highest goals. Which one of us can ever say that she has forgotten these high school days, of which Liz was so much a part?



HARRIET HOPKINS

gypsy . . . little Black Sambo . . . pixie . . .

Harriet, the genuine gold nugget from Tennessee, possesses a great sense of humor combined with unselfishness, loyalty, and friendliness. She is certainly panning in the right stream with her much envied knowledge of cooking, sewing, and knitting, and she will without a doubt find that gold mine all girls search for. With all these wonderful characteristics she is really "worth her weight in gold"!

Victorian Staff, photography editor, '49; Trait d'Union Club, '46; Club Las Amigas, '48, '49; Pineers, '46, '47, '48, '49; Softball, '49; Field Day, '47, '48, '49; Senior play, '49.

PATSY JANSEN

tinsel . . . aurora . . . fireside . . .

Patsy can easily walk away with the title of the "Most Unpredictable" member of our class. She is capable of turning a cold, grey December day into a second Fourth of July, but then, if the wind blows from the other direction . . . Watch out! In spite, or perhaps because of this characteristic Patsy is another girl that will hold on to our thoughts for years to come, and our hearts as well.

Trait d'Union Club, '46, '47, '48, '49; Archivist Club, '48, '49; Pineers, '46, '47, '48, '49; Glee Club, '46, '47; Softball team, '46, '47, '48, '49; Volleyball, '47, '48; Basketball, '46, '47, '48; Field Day, '46, '47, '49,; Senior play, '49; Orchestra, '47.

'49

BEVERLY JUSTICE

heather . . . moonstone . . . twilight

Beverly will always leave all who have known her with a profound feeling of peace. Her calm determination and appreciation are certain to carry her ever upward and onward. The tranquility of a winter night, snow-silenced, starlit, and God blessed reminds us of this well-loved classmate.

Trait d'Union Club, '46, '47, '48, '49; Latin Club, '49; Pineers, '46, '47, '48, '49; Glee Club, '46, '47, '48, '49; Field Day, '46, '47, '49; Christmas play, verse choir, '49; Senior play, '49; Yellow Ribbon, '46, Red Ribbon, '47, Yellow Ribbon, '48.

JANICE LAMBERT

chimes . . . west wind . . . dancing leaves . . .

What a dull class we would have had without Janice! Her originality and ability have given that extra spark to all with whom she has come in contact, and have you ever known Janice when she didn't have a remark for the situation at hand? Beneath this good humor we find an unequaled sincerity that, with her boundless energy, will carry her to great success in her future.

Entered September 1946; Class treasurer, '48; Red Cross Representative, '49; Victorian Staff, circulation manager, '49; Trait d'Union Club, '47, '48, '49; Pineers, '47, '48, '49; Latin Club, '49; Archivist Club, '48, '49; Softball, '47, '49, '49; Volleyball, '47, '48, '49; Field Day, '47, '48, '49; Christmas play, crew, '47; Christmas play, '49; Senior play, '49.

Dear Jane,
I'll always remember the fun
we've had these past four years.
you're a real sweet girl and
I'll never forget you. Love, Pat

P.S. forgive me (Do-Do) I like your picture better anyway

JANE MACRAE

tweed . . . piquant . . . turquoise . . .

Jane with her casual, carefree manner and answers that hit the nail of every situation on the head can never be forgotten when the class of '49 is mentioned. Somehow Jane seems a unique combination of plaids, Scott novels, bagpies, and perhaps a test tube or so, and we can be assured that in future years we will be as proud as we are now to say that she was long among our closest friends.

Trait d'Union Club, '46, '47, '49; Club Las Amigas, '48, '49; Latin Club, '49; Archivist Club, '49; Pineers, '46, '47, '48, '49; Glee Club, '46, '47, '48, '49; Orchestra, '47, '49; Softball, '46, '47; Tenikoit, '47, '48; Basketball, '46, '47, '48; Field Day, '47, '48, '49; Christmas play, crew, '47; Spring play, crew, '46; Senior play, '49.

'49

WILLIE MORITZ

water lily . . . true Delft . . . windmills . . .

A touch of old world charm, a pleasantness hard to beat, and the lovableness of an old teddy-bear spells Willie. Throughout our school days she has been close by us, ready to help anytime, in any way, and it goes without saying that Willie will be one of the girls to whom our thoughts will turn most often in years to come.

Trait d'Union Club, '46, '47, '48, '49; Archivist Club, '49; Pineers, '46, '47, '48, '49; Glee Club, '46; Softball, '46, '48, '49; Orchestra, '48; Volleyball, '49; Basketball, '46, '47, '48, '49; Field Day, '46, '47, '48, '49; Christmas play, '49; Yellow ribbon, '46.

'49

JANE REESE

mellow . . . Katrinka . . . high C . . .

Jane with her sense of humor and pleasant manner is truly "mellow as the moonlight". Though she hasn't been with us all four years, we find it hard to recall the class without her, and certainly no remembrance of these years could be complete without a thought of her. Sincere hopes for her brilliant future follow her.

DOROTHY REISIG

Historian

kitten . . . gardenia . . . Dresden doll . . .

We have thought ourselves fortunate in many ways to have Dorothy with us. This good-natured, ambitious, kitten-like girl is Art itself. She not only draws and sings beautifully, but she has proved her talent for acting as well. Dorothy, blushing, smiling, studying, taking part in sports, and just being herself has captured the hearts of all who know her.

Entered September, 1947; Class Historian, '48, '49; Victorian Staff, art editor, '49; Club Las Amigas, '48, '49; Pineers, '47, '48, '49; Orchestra, 48, '49; Music Club, '48; Basketball, '47, '48; Field Day, '47, '48, '49; Christmas play, '49; Senior play, '49; Yellow Ribbon, '47, '48.

Dear Jane,
I surely will miss that
Scranton accent. It has been
wonderful knowing you. Good luck
Love
Dot

Dearest "Mac":
What Jane doesn't know about me I don't either!! I sure hope every good and lucky break in the world comes to you. You are a darling!! Best of luck and keep me posted in the future.

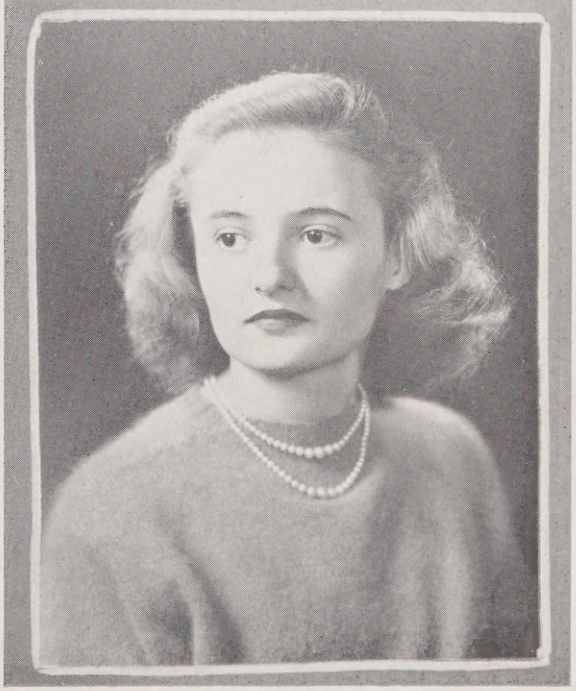
'49

CARLIN SPEIR

chestnut . . . spurs . . . cactus blossom . . .

When we welcomed Carlin we found that we had not only acquired a most lovable classmate, but also that we had annexed Texas and purchased Louisiana. Her generosity and enthusiasm have been inspirational to us all, and with that unrivaled originality Carlin is sure to make her fondest dreams come true one day soon.

Entered September, 1948.



PAT WESTALL

ripe olives . . . firecracker . . . station wagon

We have come to believe that some good pixie deposited Pat under a cabbage leaf, for she has certainly inherited more than her share of elfin mischief. But beneath this vivaciousness lies a loyalty that will attain for her countless friends. For Pat how could there ever be anything but boundless joy?

Trait d'Union club, '46, '47, '48, '49; Archivist club, '49; Pineers, '46, '47, '48, '49; Glee club, '46, '47; Softball team, '46, '47, '48, '49; Tenikoit, '48; Basketball, '46, '47, '48; Field Day, '46, '47, '48, '49; Christmas play, '49, stage crew; Spring play, '48, stage crew, '49; Dramatics club, '49; Senior play, '49.

Dear Jane,
I am so glad that you liked my poem. Be as cute as you are now always. Don't forget me, partner, and I'll never forget you.
Love,
Frances

'49

FRANCES WILLIAMS

racetrack . . . page rolls . . . apple sauce . . .

The "Party-gal" of the class is Frances! She keeps her serious thoughts hidden under a vivid personality that has made a lasting impression on us all. Frances, unpredictable as an untamed filly, excels especially in athletics and dancing . . and will always stand for a grand sport in our minds.

Entered September, 1946; Trait d'Union Club, '47, '48, '49; Pineers, '47, '48, '49; Glee Club, '49; Softball, '47, '48, '49; Tenikoit, '47, '48; Volleyball, '47, '48, '49; Basketball, '47, '48, '49, Captain, '49; Field Day, '47, '48, '49; Senior play, '49; Valentine Court, '47; Christmas play, '49.

ANN WILLIAMSON

Mars . . . soapsuds . . . Shropshire . . .

We cannot erase the memory of Wimpy. She has towered above us for many years in height, in her droll, dry humor, calmness, and patience. Her ability to get things done, seemingly effortlessly, has been a priceless asset to our group. In our association with Wimpy we feel that we have gained true friendship and profound loyalty that will be difficult to equal.

Victorian Staff. '49, Assistant editor; Trait d'Union Club, '48, '49; Club Las Amigas, '46, '47, '48, '49; Archivist Club, '48, '49; Pineers, '46, '47, '48, '49; Softball, '46, '47, '48, '49; Tenikoit, '47, '48; Volleyball, '46, '47, '48, '49; Basketball, '46, '47, '48, '49; Field Day, '46, '47, '49; Christmas play, '48, '49, crew, '48; Senior play, '49; Dramatics Club, '49.

Married

CHRISTINE WILSON

crisp . . . Cherokee . . . T. N. T. . . .

Chris may be the last on the class roll, but she will never be last in attaining success. Her competent manner and efficiency have been an indispensable part of our school days. Combine the many colors of an autumn leaf with a changeable wind and add a stick of dynamite only waiting for a match to set it off. . . That's Christine.

Trait d'Union club, '46, '47, '48, '49; Pineers, '46, '47, 48, '49; Club Las Amigas, '49; Glee club, '46; Archivist club, '49; Red Cross Representative, '46, '47, '48; debate, '49; Field Day, '46, '47, '48, '49; Volley Ball, '46, '47, '48; tenikoit, '46, '47, '48; softball, '46, '47, '48; basketball, '46, '47, ,48; Christmas play, '48; spring play, '49; stage crew, '46, '47; yellow honor ribbon, '47.

CLASS COLORS: *Blue and Silver*

CLASS FLOWER: *Rose*

CLASS MOTTO: *Non sibi sed omnibus*

'50

LELIA PARKER
President

MARY IDA BROWN

ELLEN CASSELBERRY

MARTHANN COLEMAN

BETTY COPENHAVER

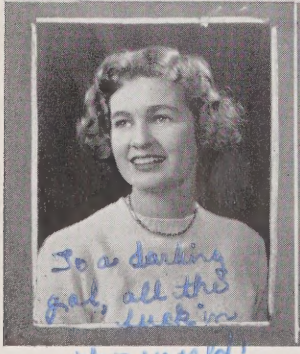
SUZANNE COSTON

MARY HELEN CRAIN

RUTH GREENE

CAROLYN HIGDON

BETTE HUNTSMAN



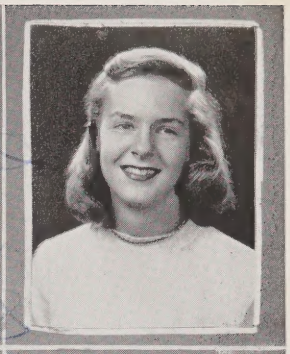
AILEEN JOHNSTON

JEAN KEITH

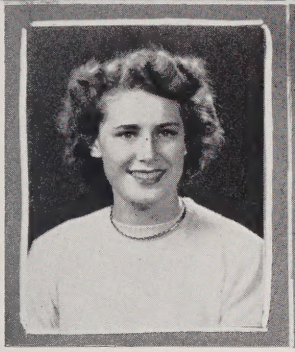
JANE KENNEDY

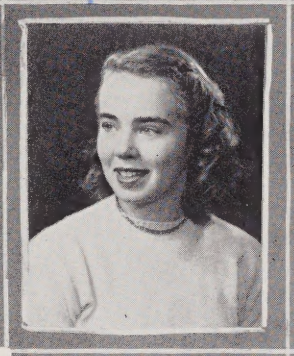
JUDY LEE KNIGHT

Mary Esther Brown
Vice-President

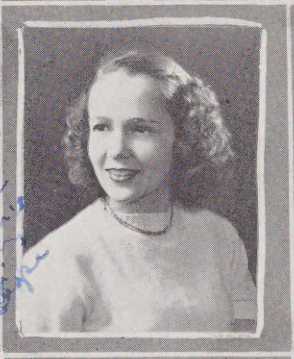


Pat Loftin
Maria Teresa Lopez
Patsy Maley
Molly Matthews

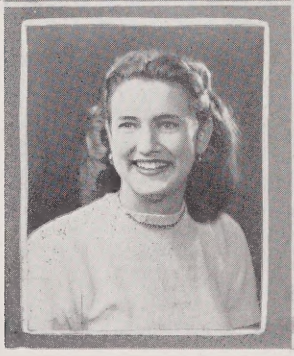




Joan Mulvaney
Avis Ann Oehlbeck
Virginia Penney
Jean Shope



Joan Shope
Jeanne Stevens
Reid Stratton



Jeannette Vaulot
Janet Volk

Miriam Wright

'50

ANN CLARKE

BETTY DE BEILEY

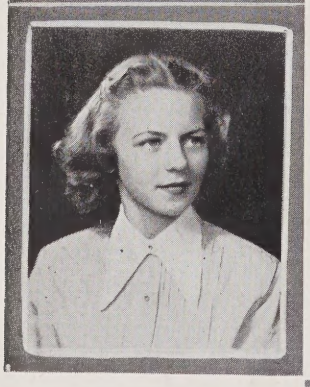
MABEL WHITE

President

JACKIE COUCH

BETTY CRAIN

'51

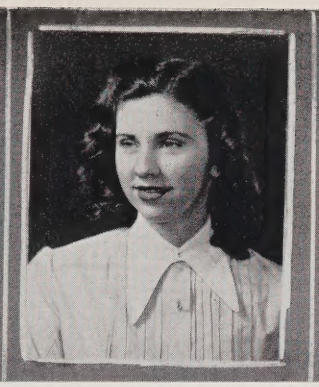


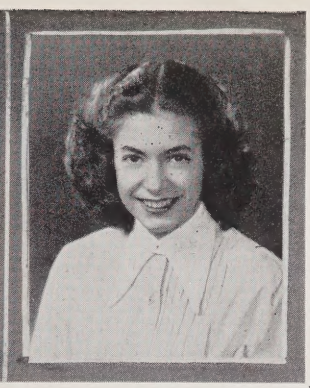
EILEEN DARDEN

BETTY HARRIS

JOJHAN HIOTT

DAWN LANTZIUS

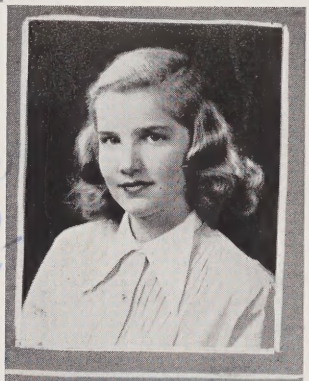




JANE SWICEGOOD
Vice-president

SHELIA MCCABE

MYRIAM NOGUERA



JOAN RAMSEY

'51

MARILYN ROMIEUX

CATHERINE RUSSELL

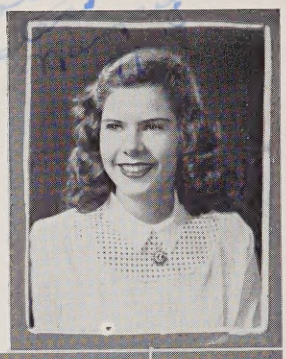
PAULA SIGAL

FREDA SILER

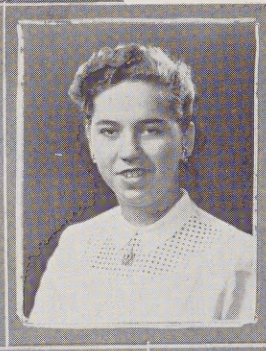
KATHERINE SMITH

'52

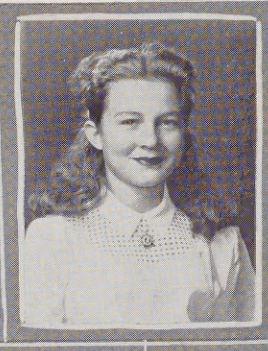
Jane Cocke
President



Nancy Buran
Vice-president

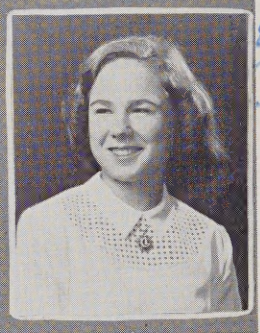


Carmen Argomaniz

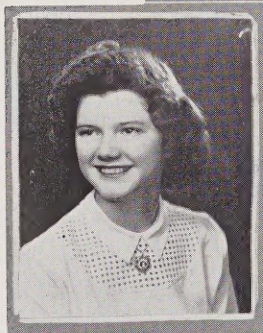


Barbara Brittner

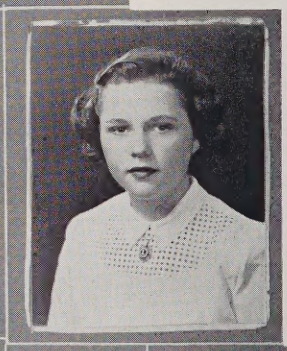
Pauline Colthurst



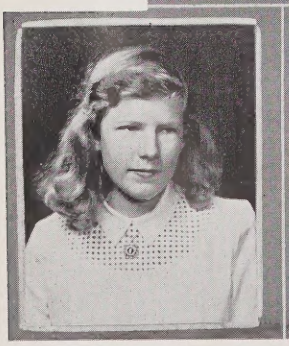
Keller Cushing



Shirley
Doherty



Betsey Gi
Pat
Fesperman



Hansje Gorter

Sonya Hagna

Margie Hartshorn

Anne Herlong

'52

Mary Ann Hicklin

Sally Hope

Alice Lakey

Marie Lamprinakos

Landon Lewis

Ruth Lott

Connie McMahon

Carolyn Mulvaney

Pat Stevens

Alice Tyler

Jeanette Uzzell

Rosemary Whitmire

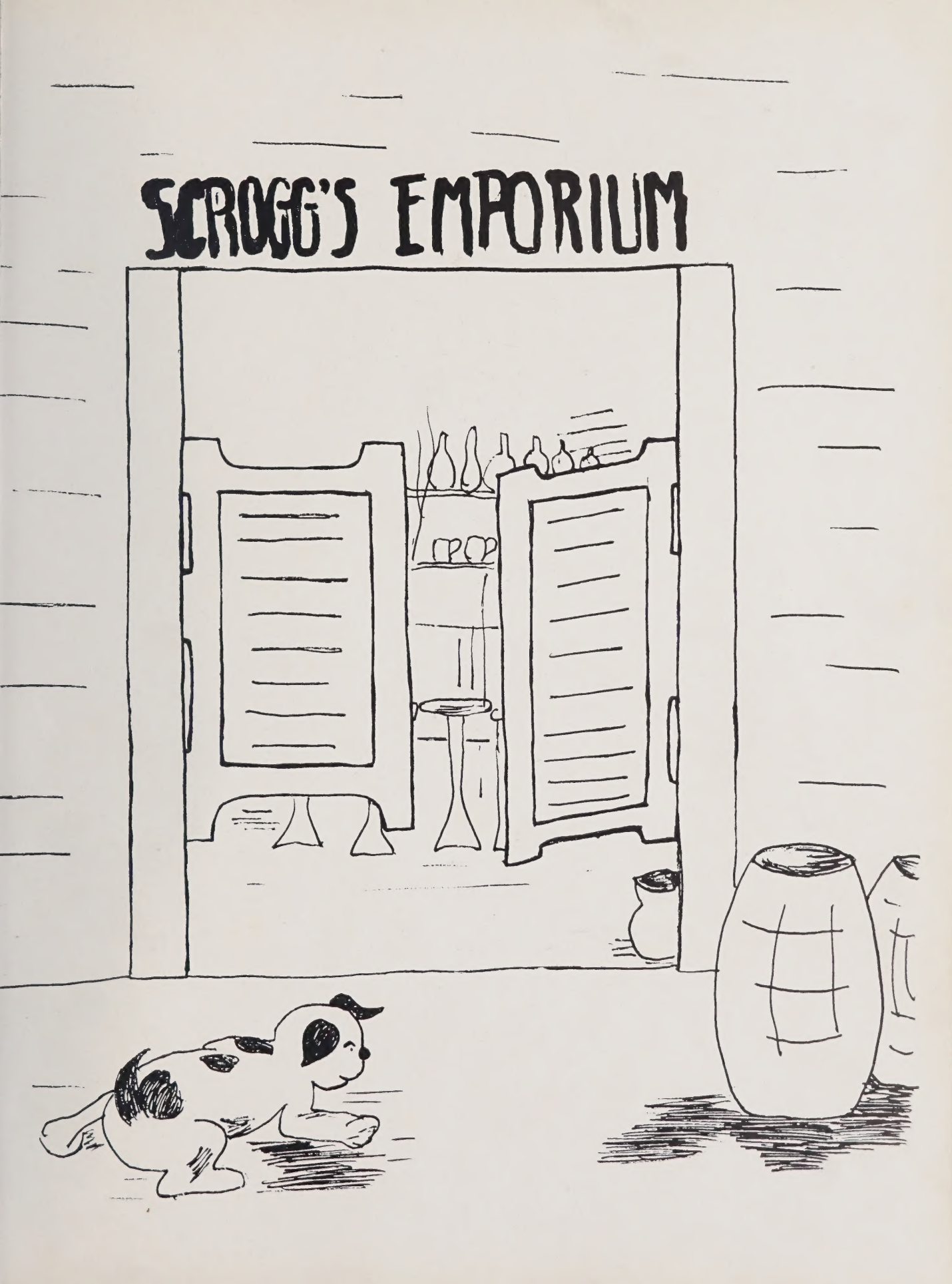
School Song

St. Genevieve's, in thee we glory!
Yes, all thy children love thee well.
We hail thy name in song and story;
To all the world thy praise we tell.
To all the world thy praise we tell.
In chorus clear our voices ringing
Awake the echoes far and near,
Our hearts find joy and gladness here,
Our love we show with happy singing.

CHORUS

Hurrah, Saint Genevieve's!
Thy star forever leads.
With joyful song we hail thee and say,
"Saint Genevieve's for aye!"

Thy gentle counsels always heeding
United for thy cause we stand,
Our loyal hearts for thee are pleading
Oh, may we be thy faithful band.
Oh, may we be thy faithful band.
Thy star aloft is ever leading
Its golden rays light up our way
With trusting faith we'll always pray,
Saint Genevieve's, for thy succeeding.


SCROGG'S EMPORIUM

Class History

WESTWARD HO!

Welcome dance. . . We're *big* girls now . . . changes in teachers. . . Mrs. Ordway . . . "amo, amas, amat". . . Mother Bowman arrives. . . the beginning of a new era! . . . Sociatas Assanarum. . . Who changed the sign on the door? . . . Our first monthly tests. . . Keep that closet clean. . . Mother Galvin, have *you* seen my stationery? . . . Always, always, always. . . The little blue book. . . Cherokee and Albert. . . Richard Tetley-Kardos. . . Dufe's cigarettes. . . every hour on the hour. . . Umbo lorlie. . . Our Christmas tree in the Study Hall. . . Then Valentine's day and the court. . . We're represented. . . Spring came. . . and "The Mystery of the Masked Woman". . . Hulda . . . Who smoked? . . . "Dumbo". ' ' Mother Masse and Ruthie. . . We help break the Pinata at the Fiesta. . . Mary's daily letter. . . The Prom. . . and we take to the "Roof Garden" like potted palms. . Field Day. . . Harvey girls. . "I reckon that it's just the class of '49". . . A Royal banquet. . . Then Graduation. . . See you next year! . . .

THE RUSH

Back again. . . minus a few, plus a few . . . We're welcomed "under the sea". . . "Yeahs and yeahs". . . The Charleston crew. . . Mr. Stanard joins us. . . "Rema, my little bird girl". . . Jeanne Wealty. . "Heartaches". . orchestra. . . Mr. Perky! . . . "Kilroy was here". . . Who's humming?. . . Where did Paula find the Christmas tree? . . . The ice storm cometh. . . Genevieve. . . Mardi Gras. . . cats. "Open the door, Mother Galvin". . . Pat's sneezes. . . Cardinal Tisserant and Reverend Mother General. . . La Fiesta. . . Betty Jo's dates for the Prom. . . We watch longingly once more. . . Another Field Day. . . "Mountain Daisy". . . blue checks and pastels. . . The Pansy banquet. . . "The Lady of Shalott". . . and another class is gone. . .

WE STAKE OUR CLAIM

The Return of the Natives. . . Welcome to a Salamagundi party. . . The old class room. . . First tortures of geometry. . . Biosophy. . . Additions to the lay faculty . . . "I know you're in there". . . Shaggin' . . . those fairy tales. . . "squirrels". . . The Music Club sponsors. . . Only two more days till our vacation. . . Biology lab . . . The frog. . Exams. . School poll. . . . Mardi Gras. . . Junior Circus. . . Career talks. . . Nurses Aides. . . Tommy. . . On what day does Ascension Thursday fall? . . "The library is closed to *you*" . . Thay. . *Kenilworth*. . .More marriages. . Saint Augustine, here we come! . . Ever messy classroom. . . Senior Pirates. . . Remembrances of "Career Angel". . Welcome aboard the S. S. Southern Belle. . . Circus Banquet. . "Ballad for Americans". . . Graduation night. . And another class becomes initials on Hall of Fame trophies. .

OUR POT OF GOLD

Seniors? . . Where? . . A new classroom . . and Mother Potts! . . . Monte Carlo. . The central library . . . "Are you from Dixie?" . . . The Memminger house . . . "Feetures" . . . Halloween and Little Orphan Annie wins . . . Joan's party . . . buzz . . . Where's Mary?? . . . Angora sweaters and argyle socks . . . Twin troubles . . . Senior rings! . . . Who is the third murderer? . . . Chemistry lab . . . Senior themes . . . "At The Feet of The Madonna" . . . CHRISTMAS. . . No winter. . . Five down and how many to go? . . . "Winter Wonderland" . . . Homework outside, plis. . . Mouse overboard! . . . Oh, did we go to Oak Ridge? . . Oremus . . . "I really don't care!" . . Early morning cramming . . . Comma faults! . . Retreat and Father Carl! . . . "Alice in Wonderland" . . . Three curtain calls, please . . . Senior Poets . . . Henry, if you'll pardon the expression, Esmond. . . Where are you going for Easter? . . . Pinelope says. . . Resolved . . . "gourd-bye, ladies". . . The mad rush . . . Banquet, dance, house party . . So much to do . . . *When* will we have time? . . . This is it. . . How 'bout some "Red roses for some blue ladies" . . And the Class of '49 are Alumnae. . .

STUDENT COUNCIL
OF THE
ACADEMY STUDENT GOVERNMENT

President ..... CAMERON LINK
Vice-president ..... MARY TOWER
Secretary ..... JERRE KING
Junior president ..... LELIA PARKER
Junior vice-president ..... MARY ESTHER BROWN
Sophomore president ..... MABEL WHITE
Sophomore vice-president ..... JANE SWICEGOOD
Freshman president ..... JANE COCKE
Freshman vice-president ..... NANCY BURAN

Last Will and Testament

We, the Class of '49, being of sound mind and body but realizing that the time when we must leave *this* world is drawing near, do hereby intrust the following possessions to our beloved friends:

To Saint Genevieve's, Reverend Mother Sharry, Mother Potts, and all our "assayers" throughout our high school days, we leave our undying love and appreciation for their just *being*.

To the Juniors, our famous class room, and the unknown terrors of Senior English, plus Friday Biosophy sessions with Mother Potts, and the hope that they receive as much from *their* year as we have.

To the Sophomores, our sister class, goes the fond wish that *they* may have many trophies standing in the Hall of Fame and that they carry the pennant with them all the way.

To the Freshmen, we leave three whole years at S. G. P. in hope that they may realize that *here* is a pot o' gold and that they will appreciate their gilded opportunities.

The debate members leave the list of Mother Potts' topics to next year's teams, as well as their wellworn seats in the library.

The following wish to make these individual bequests:

We, Maydean and Junedean Batchelder, leave our Literature books and our dissimilarity to the Shope twins.

I, Bette Vere Bradley, relegate my blue coat to Sissy Brown and my geometric ability to Betty Copenhaver.

I, Joanne Cox, pass on my A School sweater to Katherine Smith and my athletic ability to Reid Stratton.

I, Joan Flynn, bequeath my red glasses to Suzanne Coston and my sad expression to Jane Cocke.

I, Elizabeth Gregg, entrust my shoes to Aileen Johnston and my seat in the library to Marilyn Romieux.

I, Eleanor Greene, give my angora sweater to Jo Hiott and my reports to Virginia Penney.

I, Harriet Hopkins, leave my coveted picture to Judy Lee Knight and my unwillingness to Ann Herlong.

I, Patsy Jansen, bequeath my green fingernail polish to Molly Matthews and my naivete to Mabel White.

I, Beverly Justice, relegate my saddle shoes to Marthann Coleman and my year-round tan to Nancy Buran.

I, Jerre King, entrust my reducing pin to Dawn Lantzius, and my loquacity to Sonya Hagna.

I, Janice Lambert, will my nylons to Jeanne Stevens and my weight to Maria Teresa Lopez.

I, Cameron Link, give my Navy pin to Betty de Beilby and my opaqueness to Alice Lakey.

I, Jane MacRae, bequeath my scarves to Mary Ann Hicklin and my Scranton accent to the Junior Mammys.

I, Willie Moritz, leave my wooden shoes to Catherine Russell and my audacity to Betty Huntsman.

I, Jane Reese, will my fourth year Latin book to Ellen Casselberry and my excitability to Keller Cushing.

I, Dorothy Reisig, convey my blonde hair to Mary Ida Brown and my giggles to Carolyn Higdon.

I, Carlin Speir, bequeath my map of New Orleans to Avis Ann Oehlbeck and my minimizing to Bunny Darden.

I, Mary Tower, relegate my fingernails to Betty Crain and my pianistic ability to Mary Helen Crain.

I, Pat Westall, give my warm desk to Janet Volk and my sophistication to Jeannette Vaulot.

I, Frances Williams, will my red, white and blue pajamas to Miriam Wright and my moodiness to Myriam Noguera.

I, Ann Williamson, entrust my bangs to Jane Swicegood and my petiteness to Ann Clark.

I, Christine Wilson, pass on my comb to Freda Siler and my simplicity to Jean Keith.

In witness whereof we have herewith subscribed our signature.

THE SENIORS.

This was published and declared by the said testators to be their last will and testament, in the presence of us, who, at their request have subscribed our names thereto as witnesses, and in their presence and in the presence of each other.

LELIA PARKER.
SISSY BROWN.

PINE TREE CHAPTER
OF THE
NATIONAL HONOR SOCIETY

President ..... CAMERON LINK
Vice-president ..... ELIZABETH GREGG
Secretary and treasurer ..... BETTY COPENHAVER

MEMBERS

Ellen Casselberry
Betty Copenhaver
Elizabeth Gregg
Cameron Link

PROBATIONARY MEMBERS

Betty Crain
Sheila McCabe
Mabel White

Westward Ha!

CLASS PROPHECY

"Well, you finally got here, Wimpy, I can't wait to show you my property. Of course you know that it was *here* that I found my gold mine. Remember how obsessed I was that Senior year with the idea? Well, it soon became my lifelong ambition.

"Come on, here's my chauffeur now. You remember Janice, don't you? She came to me in desperation after Dick told her that they couldn't be married until she passed geometry. So she has been saving every penny she can to afford a tutor."

All of a sudden a bright light almost blinded me. Cameron handed me a pair of sun glasses especially designed by Happy Hopkins to wear on Cameron's estate, because you simply couldn't look at the gold-gilted mansion without them. At the door we met Frances, who was dying to take Janice's place. Cameron didn't seem too keen on the idea. Inside, the new maid, Beverly Justice, took my coat and hurried off. She was really happy in her work. I went into the living room and who should I see perched on the top of a step ladder painting murals . .. Dot. She was doing a magnificent job.

Just then Cameron came in with an invitation to attend Elizabeth's opening night at the Metropolitan, and that reminded Cameron to bring in some good records that she had bought from Eleanor and George. Jerre and Jane are really in demand with bobby-soxers.

Through the window came a tinkling sound. I looked out and there was Joan pushing an Eskimo Pie cart. Won't she ever give them up?

Cameron and I raced out to learn if she had heard from any of our old classmates. Joan was loaded with information as usual. She said that Pat was featured in the Prospectors Night Club of New York. She was the only successful woman drummer. And poor Patsy was working as janitor at the orthopedic home in Asheville after being turned down as a physical therapist. Joan went on to say that Chris had become a policewoman. She always said policemen were incompetent.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you," continued Joan; "did you see Mary's picture on the side of my cart? She is a model for my company now, since *Vogue* refused her. Well, I've got to be going. It's time for Bette Vere's daily Eskimo pie. You knew she is operating the newspaper stand on the corner."

When we got back into the house Cameron went on to tell me about her business. Carlin's husband, "Diamond Jim" was buying her gold for his diamond settings. Maydean and Junedean served attractive lunches to the miners. They were really keeping up their morale. Willie had been living with Cameron for some time in hope of regaining her health. She had married a kleptomaniac, and one day he had left her with nothing. It was quite a shock! Joanne and Jane MacRae were proving themselves very capable business advisors to Cameron.

"Oh, by the way, Wimpy," interrupted Cameron, "you didn't tell me what you were doing out this way."

"Don't you remember? I want you to invest in a new interprise of mine. . . . platinum!!"

ANN WILLIAMSON, '49

CHILDREN OF MARY SODALITY

Sponsor: MOTHER MAUREEN

President ..... JERRE KING

Vice-president ..... HORTENSIA TROITINO

Secretary ..... MARY HESTER

Treasurer ..... LUCY NOVOA

Betty de Beilby
Bette Vere Bradley
Betty Crain
Mary Helen Crain
Jeannette Vaulot
Jo-Jhan Hiott
Jerre King
Patsy Maley
Myriam Noguera

CLUB TRAIT D'UNION

Sponsor: MOTHER MEEHAN

President ..... MARY TOWER

Vice-president ..... JANE SWICEGOOD

Secretary ..... BETTY CRAIN

Treasurer ..... MARY HELEN CRAIN

Bette Vere Bradley
Barbara Brittner
Ann Clark
Jackie Couch
Jane Cocke
Marthann Coleman
Betty Copenhaver
Joanne Cox
Betty Crain
Mary Helen Crain
Keller Cushing
Eileen Darden
Shirley Doherty
Betsy Giles
Hansje Gorter
Eleanor Greene
Betty Harris
Margie Hartshorn
Mary Ann Hicklin
Jo-Jhan Hiott
Sally Hope
Patsy Jansen
Beverly Justice
Janice Lambert
Maria Lamprinakos
Alice Lakey
Dawn Lantzius
Cameron Link
Landon Lewis
Connie McMahon
Jane MacRae
Patsy Maley
Molly Matthews
Willie Moritz
Carolyn Mulvaney
Joan Mulvaney
Myriam Noguera
Avis Ann Oehlbeck
Lelia Parker
Joan Ramsey
Jane Reese
Marilyn Romieux
Catherine Russell
Katherine Smith
Jeanne Stevens
Pat Stevens
Jane Swicegood
Mary Tower
Alice Tyler
Jeannette Vaulot
Janet Volk
Pat Westall
Mabel White
Rosemary Whitmire
Ann Williamson
Frances Williams
Christine Wilson
Miriam Wright

CLUB LAS AMIGAS

Sponsor: Miss Feliu

President ..... Mary Esther Brown

Vice-president ..... Reid Stratton

Secretary-Treasurer ..... Mary Ida Brown

Carmen Argomaniz
Betty de Beilby
Mary Esther Brown
Mary Ida Brown
Nancy Buran
Ellen Casselberry
Marthann Coleman
Betty Copenhaver
Suzanne Coston
Joanne Cox
Betty Crain
Mary Helen Crain
Pat Fesperman
Joan Flynn
Eleanor Greene
Elizabeth Gregg
Ann Herlong
Carolyn Higdon
Harriet Hopkins
Betty Harris
Jhan Hiott
Betty Huntsman
Aileen Johnston
Jane Kennedy
Jerre King
Judy Lee Knight
Janice Lambert
Dawn Lantzius
Cameron Link
Pat Loftin
Maria Lopez
Ruth Lott
Sheila McCabe
Carolyn Mulvaney
Myriam Noguera
Avis Ann Oehlbeck
Lelia Parker
Dorothy Reisig
Catherine Russell
Jean Shope
Joan Shope
Freda Siler
Katherine Smith
Carlin Speir
Reid Stratton
Jane Swicegood
Mary Evelyn Tower
Jeannette Uzzell
Jeannette Vaulot
Ann Williamson
Christine Wilson
Miriam Wright

ARCHIVIST CLUB

Sponsor: Miss Sharry

President ..... Bette Vere Bradley

Secretary of Labor ..... Janet Volk

Secretary of Interior ..... Mary Tower

Secretary of Commerce ..... Joanne Cox

Secretary of Foreign Agairs ..... Jo Jhan Hiott

June Batchelder
May Batchelder
Betty de Beilby
Bette Vere Bradley
Ellen Casselberry
Joanne Cox
Mary Helen Crain
Jo Jhan Hiott
Bette Huntsman
Patsy Jansen
Aileen Johnston
Jerre King
Janice Lambort
Pat Loftin
Maria Teresa Lopez
Jane MacRae
Patsy Maley
Willie Moritz
Avis Ann Oehlbeck
Lelia Parker
Joan Ramsey
Paula Sigal
Freda Siler
Jean Shope
Joan Shope
Carlin Speir
Mary Tower
Jeannette Vaulot
Pat Westall
Ann Williamson
Christine Wilson
Miriam Wright

LATIN CLUB

Sponsor: Miss Wilson

President ..... Betty Copenhaver

Vice-president ..... Betty Crain

Secretary-Treasurer ..... Mary Helen Crain

Junedean Batchelder
Maydean Batchelder
Bette Vere Bradley
Mary Esther Brown
Ellen Casselberry
Marthann Coleman
Jackie Couch
Betty Crain
Mary Helen Crain
Betty Harris
Margie Hartshorn
Mary Ann Hicklin
Ann Herlong
Jo-Jhan Hiott
Beverly Justice
Jean Keith
Jane Kennedy
Judy Lee Knight
Dawn Lantzius
Cameron Link
Sheila McCabe
Jane Mac Rae
Carolyn Mulvaney
Joan Ramsey
Jane Reese
Lelia Parker
Katherine Smith
Reid Stratton
Jeanne Stevens
Jane Swicegood
Freda Siler
Mary Tower
Alice Tyler
Jeannette Vaulot

GLEE CLUB

Directress: Mrs. Perky

President ..... Betty Crain

Secretary-Treasurer ..... Mary Helen Crain

Librarian ..... Marthann Coleman

Robe Mistresses ..... Shirley Doherty, Pat Stevens

1st Sopranos
Carmen Argomaniz
Betty de Beilby
Barbara Brittner
Suzanne Coston
Jackie Couch
Eileen Darden
Pat Fesperman
Joan Flynn
Betty Harris
Margie Hartshorn
Ann Herlong
Sally Hope
Carolyn Higdon
Jo-Jhan Hiott
Betty Huntsman
Jerre King
Alice Lakey
Landon Lewis
Pat Loftin

2nd Sopranos
Junedean Batchelder
Maydean Batchelder
Nancy Buran
Marthann Coleman
Joanne Cox
Betty Crain
Hansje Gorter
Sonya Hagna
Aileen Johnston
Beverly Justice
Jane Kennedy
Lelia Parker
Ruth Lott
Joan Ramsey
Dorothy Reisig
Catherine Russell
Katherine Smith
Mabel White
Connie McMahon
Carolyn Mulvaney
Joan Mulvaney
Myriam Noguera
Dawn Lantzius
Jane Reese
Marilyn Romieux
Jean Shope
Joan Shope
Paula Sigal
Jeanne Stevens
Mary Tower
Jeannette Uzzell
Rosemary Whitmire
Frances Williams

Altos
Mary Esther Brown
Ann Clark
Jane Cocke
Mary Helen Crain
Keller Cushing
Shirley Doherty
Jean Keith
Judy Lee Knight
Maria Lamprinakos
Maria Teresa Lopez
Jane MacRae
Alice Tyler
Janet Volk
Miriam Wright

ORCHESTRA

Directress: MRS. PERKY

Violins

Sally Hope
Jean Keith
Maria Lamprinakos
Patsy Maley
Dorothy Reisig
Janet Volk

Trumpets

Barbara Brittner
Lelia Parker

Viola

Freda Siler
Pauline Colthurst

Bass Fiddle

Jane MacRae

Cellos

Mary Ann Hicklin
Ruth Lott
Myriam Noguera

Trombone

Sonya Hagna

Memory Page

Scholarship _____

Scholarship _____

Progress _____

Bishop Waters Religion Medal _____

Dramatics _____

English Composition _____

French _____

Spanish _____

Home Economics _____

Music _____

Best-all-round _____

Courtesy _____

School Spirit _____

THE PINEERS

Sponsor: MRS. LYKE

President ..... ANN CLARK
Vice-president ..... MIRIAM WRIGHT
Secretary ..... MARILYN ROMIEUX
Treasurer ..... JANET VOLK

Carmen Argomaniz
Junedean Batchelder
Maydean Batchelder
Betty de Beilby
Bette Vere Bradley
Barbara Brittner
Mary Esther Brown
Mary Ida Brown
Nancy Buran
Ellen Casselberry
Ann Clark
Jane Cocke
Marthann Coleman
Pauline Colthurst
Betty Copenhaver
Suzanne Coston
Jackie Couch
Joanne Cox
Betty Crain
Mary Helen Crain
Keller Cushing
Eileen Darden
Pat Fesperman
Joan Flynn
Betsy Giles
Hansje Gorter
Eleanor Greene
Ruth Greene
Elizabeth Gregg
Sonya Hagna
Betty Harris
Margie Hartshorn
Ann Herlong
Mary Ann Hicklin
Carolyn Higdon
Jo Jhan Hiott
Sally Hope
Harriet Hopkins
Betty Huntsman
Patsy Jansen
Aileen Johnston
Beverly Justice
Jean Keith
Jane Kennedy
Jerre King
Judy Lee Knight
Alice Lakey
Janice Lambert
Maria Lamprinakos
Dawn Lantzius
Cameron Link
Pat Loftin
Maria Teresa Lopez
Ruthie Lott
Landon Lewis
Jane MacRae
Patsy Maley
Molly Matthews
Sheila McCabe
Connie McMahon
Willie Moritz
Carolyn Mulvaney
Joan Mulvaney
Myriam Noguera
Avis Ann Oehlbeck
Lelia Parker
Virginia Penney
Joan Ramsey
Jane Reese
Dorothy Reisig
Marilyn Romieux
Catherine Russell
Paula Sigal
Freda Siler
Jean Shope
Joan Shope
Katherine Smith
Carlin Speir
Jeanne Stevens
Patricia Stevens
Reid Stratton
Jane Swicegood
Mary Tower
Alice Tyler
Jeanette Uzzell
Jeannette Vaulot
Janet Volk
Pat Westall
Mabel White
Frances Williams
Ann Williamson,
Christine Wilson
Rosemary Whitmire
Miriam Wright

The Perfect Forty-Niner

IN APPEARANCE WOULD HAVE:

Mary's hair
Joanne's eyes
Joan's smile
Beverly's complexion
Patsy's dimples
Carlin's hands
Jerre's legs
Wimpy's figure
Elizabeth and Jane's style

IN ABILITY WOULD HAVE:

The twin's ease with needle and thread
Bette Vere's penmanship
Eleanor's music appreciation
Harriet's executive powers
Janice's culinary skill
Cameron's leadership
Willie's winning way
Jane Reese's voice
Dorothy's artistry
Pat's originality
Frances' athletic prowess
Christine's alertness

IN CHARACTER WOULD HAVE:

Junedean's)
attention
Maydean's)
Bette Vere's all-roundness
Joanne's consideration
Joan's "likability"
Eleanor's reticence
Elizabeth's dignity
Harriet's kindness
Patsy's effervescence
Beverly's meticulosity
Jerre's perseverance
Janice's willingness
Cameron's maturity
Jane's frankness
Willie's lovableness
Jane Reese's mildness
Dorothy's serenity
Carlin's cooperation
Mary's agreeableness
Pat's piquancy
Frances' sportsmanship
Wimpy's self-confidence
Christine's reticence

24 Carat

Most loyal ----------Dorothy Reisig
Most energetic ----------Ann Clark
Most original ----------Carlin Speir
Most reliable ----------Mabel White
Most sympathetic ---------Mary Tower
Most considerate ----------Jane Cocke
Most persevering ------Harriet Hopkins
Most cheerful ----------Joan Flynn
Most poised ----------Elizabeth Gregg
Most capable ----------Cameron Link
Most charitable ----------Jerre King
Best personality ----------Sissy Brown
Most complex ----------Seniors
Prettiest
------Avis Oehlbeck and Joan Ramsey
Most attractive ----------Reid Stratton
Most dainty ----------Myriam Noguera
Most friendly ----------Joanne Cox
Most gullible ----------Ruth Greene
Most unaffected ------Frances Williams
Most generous
----Willie Moritz and Ann Herlong
Most mischievous
----Miriam Wright and Pat Westall
Most refreshing ----------Jane MacRae
Most versatile ----------Dorothy Reisig
Most entertaining -------Janice Lambert
Wittiest ----------Connie McMahon
Most athletic ----------Patsy Maley
Most observing ----------Mother Potts
Laziest ----------Jeannette Vaulot
Most popular ----------Ann Clark
Most dramatic ---------Keller Cushing
Best sport----------Sissy Brown
Most willing ----------Betty de Beilby
Most striking --------Molly and Nancy
Most sophisticated ----------Jo-Jhan
Best style ----------Betsy Giles
Most likely to succeed--------Bette Vere
Most lovable -------Carmen Argomaniz
Most affected ---------Katherine Smith

"At the Feet of the Madonna"

"Alice in Wonderland"

Plus . . . .

The boarders . . . mail . . . male
The Seniors . . . another party at Joan's
Jane Mac Rae . . . The Chicago Stock Exchange
Bette Vere . . . Atlanta
Joan . . . an appointment with *the* doctor
Janice . . . next summer
Elizabeth . . . South America
Harriet . . . a MAN
Maydean . . . Vermont
Jerre . . . The Citadel
Junedean . . . ice skating
Beverly . . . a yellow Buick convertible
Jane Reese . . . Carolina
Willie . . . Stuart
Mary . . . a pair of silver wings
Pat Westall . . . Tennesse Saturday Night!
Cameron . . . Chi Phi sweetheart pin
Frances . . . Vodka
Eleanor . . . an un-Southern accent
Dorothy . . . an Air Cadet
Mother Potts . . . a champion class

Minus . .. .

Senior geometry
"poipose"
"Too bad!"
argyle socks
bells!
carbon dioxide filled classrooms
Eskimo pies
diets
"love-pot"
the shag
"fat pills"
glasses
angora sweaters
comma faults
Lucifer
lines. . . all varieties
jiggling!

So Say Our Advertisements:

Time to retire
They satisfy!
A treat instead of a treatment
Chases dirt
14 day Palmolive Plan
Drives without shifting
It pays to advertise
The pause that refreshes
When it rains it pours
Say it with flowers
Patronize your neighborhood store
It covers the world
Don't be *half* safe
All the news that's fit to print

So Say We:

9:30, time for the boarders
Our hot dogs on a Saturday trip
Senior Biosophy
Michael
14 day pre-vacation diet
Mother Bowman
In the *Victorian*
2 minutes between classes
Homework!
The Junior-Senior
Patronize Mother Leible's store
The fame of S. G. P.
Do your homework!
The *Victorette*

The Windblown Look

Something new!

He went that'away

Aw, come on!

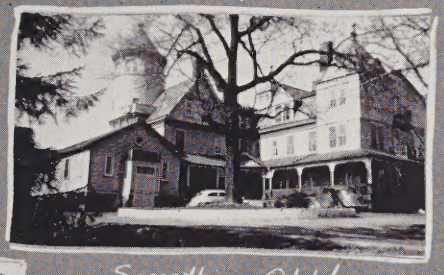
Amamus te

What say, Jane?

Lil' Alice

Double Exposure

Have some!


Something Old!

South American Way

Look pretty-

The Big Four

Ru

Tha' Wabbit

Watta face!

Il Penseroso

Toof ache?

Human Pyramid

Madam Einstein At work

Sis

This way, please

Study!

Comin' thru—

We nominate....

Joann-e and

Debo

LOOK WHAT

NAME	CHARACTERISTIC	BESETTING SIN	TRADEMARK
June Batchelder	Which twin	appetite	"
May Batchelder	has the Toni?	easily discouraged	"
Bette Vere Bradley	kaleidoscopic	carnivorous	fraternity pins
Joanne Cox	cupid	diet	small feet
Joan Flynn	ruby	giggling	red glasses
Eleanor Greene	Minnie	shyness	hair
Elizabeth Gregg	Joan of Arc	diffident	clothes
Harriet Hopkins	kitten	worrying	walk
Patsy Jansen	cocker spaniel	forgetfulness	dimples
Beverly Justice	calm waters	arguing	grey
Jerre King	"Jerry"	homework	petiteness
Janice Lambert	Bambi	jiggling	suits
Cameron Link	opal	procrastination	a "wosp" of hair
Jane MacRae	Ivanhoe	vacillation	scarves
Willie Moritz	teddy-bear	biting her cheek	little Dutch shoes
Jane Reese	Mammy	flat notes	locks
Dorothy Reisig	Elaine	blushing	squeaky shoes
Carlin Speir	elf	alibis	New Orleans
Mary Tower	new penny	hands	copper
Pat Westall	chipmunk	curiosity	Dark eyes
Frances Williams	colt	driving a car	bangs
Ann Williamson	Scotty	tactlessness	"Wimpy"
Christine Wilson	Omega	moods	penmanship

WE DUG UP!

Will Probably Be	Could Never Be	Pet Aversion	Admired For
secretary	Maydean	slang	loyalty
poet	Junedean	bubble gum	versatility
Mayor of Atlanta	Yankee	insincerity	efficiency
diplomat	torch singer	two-faced people	generosity
"Flynn on Bridge"	old maid	social climbers	adaptability
Mrs. George . .	Betty Hutton	show-offs	simplicity
executive	housewife	*men*	poise
lab technician	Eve Arden	double personalities	perseverance
Sister Kenny	Kate Smith	busy signals	disposition
professor	Billie Burke	sarcasm	stability
Josephina Iturbi	Nellie Lutcher	empty mail box	evenness
Mrs. Blake	quiet	writing	affability
Dorothy Thompson	Kathleen Norris	crunching	sense of humor
model	basefiddler	officious people	capabilities
kindergarten teacher	pianist	open doors	consideration
Gladys Swarthout	Blanche Thebaum	bad taste in clothes	willingness
musical director	phys-ed teacher	clashing colors	good nature
cattle rancher	satisfied	anti-Texans	enthusiasm
minister's wife	beautician	waiting	sympathy
mortician	Schumann-Heink	apple polishers	vivacity
hearse driver	sophisticated	slow people	originality
fashion buyer	Sonja Henie	over-shoulder readers	dry wit
interior decorator	Blondie	ego	speed

Strike, that pose!

High on a Windy Hill

Junior "Rippers"

Liz

So in love

Florida!

Henry's girl

Giggles

Popular duet

Big Alice

Wow!

Good footstool

Map course

G'wan - chicken!

The clan

Knave-y

Frito

Sisters...

One, two, three, go!

"MAC"

Three beauties

Lemme see...

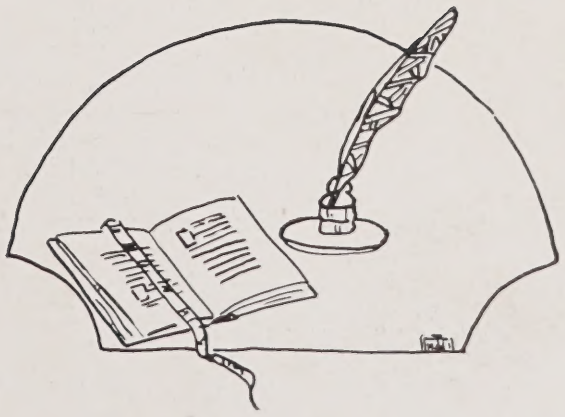
You fwiten me!

Little Annies

Less eat!

The young sters!

NUGGETS



A Domestic Tragedy

Blackie glared across the tea-table in a manner that left no room for misunderstanding. He realized it would do no good to lose his temper after yesterday's incident, but he was not going to tolerate Pook's greediness any longer. After debating his course of action for awhile, he looked helplessly at Miss Jean to see if she had witnessed the theft.

Miss Jean was presiding graciously over the meager refreshments as if they were the most appetizing and plentiful in the world. Much to Blackie's disgust she gave no sign of having seen the disappearance of the cake, courtesy of Pook. However, unknown to her companions, she was well aware of both the cause and result of all the friction and was waiting for a chance to give them a lesson.

She gave Blackie some more tea to compensate for his loss, and passed the remains of the cake around once again. Eagerly she watched the two to see if perhaps the slight had been forgotten, but the fire in Blackie's eyes had not been dimmed by any offering on her part. The set of his chin told her that nothing less than Pook's complete humiliation would satisfy his slight.

She began to talk quietly of their past differences, in such a way as to make them both ashamed. Perhaps she even persuaded herself, for it was not long before the complete trio had a clouded eye. She told them of her work and how it was done all for them, and then she spoke of the story she had heard last Sunday, of one who said it was more blessed to give than to receive. . .

Laying her hands on theirs she pleaded with them to forgive and forget, and start their friendship anew. Then she began the climax of her little talk. . .

A voice shattered the stillness of the summer's afternoon. Jean lifted her head to the window of the house from whence the voice came. A sharp command, an answering affirmative, and a little girl picked up her toy dog and bear and walked into the house. . .

Avis Ann Oehlbeck, '50.

Midnight

'Tis midnight.
All is calm and still.
The little stars are scattered about
To light the way
Of my fellow man.
There is no need
For such a light.
'Tis midnight,
And all is well.

Betty Harris, '51.

Giggles

Wherever there have been girls, there have been giggles. This form of humor is *most* unattractive and generally denotes a flighty personality. To trace the development of giggles from its source:

The time, 9,000,000 B. C., the place, a cave in the Great Forest. Ugg, a caveman, has just clunked his favorite girl, Ugla, on the head with a club.

"Moola snunk gulp?" he asks. Translation: "Will you be mine?"

"Yelk", she replies. This obviously is an affirmative answer. Then the poor girl makes a grave mistake. She giggles! Ugg likes his women sensible, so he promptly departs, leaving her with only the hollow echo of her giggle for comfort. Believe me, a giggle is *no* substitute for a man. Just ask Ugla!

It is the year 1282. A brave knight rides forth from his castle to join the Crusades. His lady love awaits him in the garden. He tenderly asks, "I have known thee but nine years, m'lady, but considering the circumstances, would thee think me too bold if I asked to call thee Elaine?"

"Oh! Sir L'Awful, thou art so impulsive!" Then . . . giggled! Sir L'Awful galloped away. The clash of Saracen steel was sweeter.

Then, the South at the beginning of the Civil War. Beneath the magnolias, Ashley begged Sally Ann to be his bride.

"Why, Ashley, you-all just overwhelms me-all, tee-hee!!!" The "tee-hee" did it. Ashley desired a brave intelligent girl. *Miss* Sally Ann still weeps beneath her magnolias.

The present at last! Sue has met Bob, her dream-man, at the prom. "Gee, Bob you simply whip me to a frill, snicker-giggle."

Bob hesitates, then asks *Virginia* to dance.

This doesn't mean that you should be an Alice Einstein or a "glum bum". Just remember, *laugh,* don't *giggle!*

Keller Cushing, '52.

An Invalid's Sea of Trees

They are my sea, my ocean, my salt.
They are my sands that drift in the night.
They are my gulls that scream in the sky.
This is my sea. . .
Backs of the leaves are whitecaps to me.
The rise of the tide is the sway of their green.
The lift of their branches is my playful wave.
Trees are my sea.

Avis Ann Oehlbeck, '50.

Enchanted Windows

The skilled hand of Jack Frost paints many portraits on my window panes. As a child it was one of my greatest delights to awaken early in the morning and survey the windows crowded with enchanted pictures. I would lie there in bed and pick out my favorites. Some would be like giant snowflakes; others, outdoor scenes. I could pick out with my child's imagination scenes which would appear familiar, while others would be events in my favorite fairy tales. As the sun touched them, destroying them, I would always feel a little sad. They would be turned from their beautiful portraits into a hundred tiny drops of moisture, and then into nothingness. My feeling of sadness would disappear as I looked out my windonw. I welcomed another day of play and I forgot the enchanted windows until the next morning when I discovered Jack Frost had paid me another visit.

Now I am still fascinated by the enchanted windows of winter. I see them no longer as the visions I received in my childhood, but as pictures painted by the skilled hand of God. I am not able to picture the dreams I saw as a child, for only a child can perform that feat. But I will remember them as a happy part of my childhood.

Beverly Justice, '49.

Music's Joy

I take a keen aesthetic joy in music,
For it will lift a spirit's sorrow,
Bringing a peace of mind
From the turmoil of life.
Into a land of dreams we drift
Where there is no evil, but all is sweet.
Those who have heartbreak will find new romance.
Life is rich, new hopes surge.
And lasting days are forgotten.
You live only in a far away world
And wish your dreams would never end.
I take a keen aesthetic joy in music.

Frances Williams, '49.

The Sad, Still Music of Humanity

The sunlight floats softly through the window and lands quietly on my bed, making strange and weird patterns on my covers. The little particles of dust are caught up in it and they look like tiny, golden fairies dancing round and round and round.

As I look from my window, I see tall buildings reaching for the sky, and below people appear as if they were tiny grains of sand upon a seashore. Sometimes when I try very hard I think I can remember the sounds—or should we say music—coming from these grains of sand. They float into my window just as the sunlight does, and form strange patterns on my covers. I can hear children's voices, clear and sweet. I remember the sound of traffic and of a school bell ringing. I think I hear the sound of a choir singing. These are all sweet, wonderful sounds. And then like a giant roll of thunder come the sad sounds. . those of war, of people starving, sounds of disease and hatred.

Then like the tiny particles of dust these sounds are caught up in the sunlight, and they start going round and round, all mixed and jumbled, faster and faster they go, forming the sounds of towns, cities, states, forming the sounds of humanity.

I lie here day after day, night after night, remembering these sounds, trying to hear them again. They are sad, still music to me now, for I am deaf.

Paula Sigal, '51.

Rare Gems

Waterlilies float in the moonlight
Like dainty fairy barges.
The glistening dark pads lying about them
Are sturdy tugboats doing their will.
They grow on the gently rippling black water
Like rare gems set to a queen's taste.
Each is a thing of perfection
In form and hue and texture.
It would be worth a king's ransom
To have among his collection
Gems of such rare beauty
As these lilies that float in the moonlight.

Elizabeth Gregg, '49.

The Latin

By Edgar Allan McMahon

Once upon a midnight dreary,
While I pondered weak and weary
Over many a quaint and curious volume
Of ancient Latin lore.
While I nodded, nearly napping,
Suddenly there came a tapping,
As of someone, gently rapping,
Rapping at my subconscious door.
" 'Tis that bug, temptation," I muttered,
"Rapping on my subconscious door,
Only this—and nothing more."

Presently the knock grew stronger.
Hesitating then no longer,
Boldly spoke a voice I knew
That I had heard before;
"Drop all this," I heard him saying,
And with the idea I was playing
Of taking in some worldly fun;
The idea thrilled me to the core.
"Just some innocent fun," I muttered,
Liking the idea more and more,
Only this and nothing more.

Suddenly I had a vision,
Which smote my heart to quick contrition,
Of Mother Bowman standing by the freshman door,
Waiting for her unlearned scholars,
Who had skipped their Latin chore,
Spending nickels, dimes, and quarters,
At the "drug and *sundries*" store.
My chin descends in firm determination;
Over Latin nouns and verbs I pore,
Back to my work and NOTHING MORE!

Connie McMahon, '52.

March Wind

Strong wind,
Wild wind,
That blows around street corners
Nearly knocking you from your feet,
Scattering everything in its wake—
Shaking the valiant trees,
Churning up dark waves of the sea.
Blow over land and ocean.
Soon you will be but a dying whisper
Lost in the treetops,
For April is upon us.
Blow, wild wind of March!

Beverly Justice, '49.

Enchanted Windows

Not to admit light, but to diffuse; not to decorate, but to add atmosphere; the great stained-glass windows of the cathedral stand, quiet barriers between the perfect peace of the church and the tired world outside.

The paired side windows are imbedded with figures of saints, dark themselves and dressed in dark robes. . . until the light shines through. Then the colors, vivid, deep, transparent can only be imagined, not described. The first figure is of a lady, draped in the clear red and purple of her royal station, and holding a fragile lily for her purity. The second, of a shepherd, in greenish-tan skins, holding a crook, watches flocks in verdant fields. The third is a crowned image of Christ. And so on, each window pane lending beauty to the building, and blending in the sacred atmosphere. For every person who comes here to pray there is a window for his idea, whether he thinks of his Lord as a Savior, a Shepherd, or a King.

All the smaller ones have their place, their pictures, their suggestions, but none can compete with the huge central window. It is not a picture, but a pattern. The panes of crimson, blue, and amber are arranged in geometric fashion. The sunlight from the other side is softly diffused into a glow, as if it, too, wished to become a part of the dim, holy silence of the sanctuary. What dramas of life this window has witnessed! It has seen the untold sorrow of funerals, the bright joy in the upturned face of many a young bride; it has looked upon the innocent face of a child at christening. And it has been a beacon to the common multitude who worship in this church.

Eleanor Greene, '49.

The Good Ship Education

I sailed the sea of knowledge,
My craft of books was made;
And studies did besiege me
But I was not afraid.

I saw a narrow passage,
All banked by verbs and nouns.
And at its end a tranquil bay
Of no more dull school sounds!

The years sped by; at last,
The shore my sails did touch,
But even though my school is done,
I do not know so much!

Paula Sigal, '51.

Blown Petals

Boxes, boxes, and more boxes! Would she ever get through? Certainly not if she didn't soon begin, and the attic had to be cleaned. All these thoughts came into Edith's mind as she stood surveying the frightfully messy storage room. A large blue box first attracted her attention, and she decided to begin with it. Opening it, she found several old books, among which was a scrapbook and a small box. She opened the box with interest and found a dry gardenia which . . .

She was dressed in a beautiful green gown trimmed in silver. As she surveyed herself with satisfaction in the long mirror, she hoped Bill would like it. They were going to the Christmas ball, the biggest event of the holiday season. She was very lucky, she told herself, to know a man like Bill Graham, and she loved him very much. They had such wonderful times together, and her mind drifted to the tennis games, the horseback rides, the walks, concerts, picnics, and parties. . . all the things they enjoyed together. Happiness shone in her face. Mrs. William Graham. Yes, it would be wonderful she thought. And there was so much to be done before the wedding.

"Edith", called a voice from downstairs. It is time to cook supper already? Frank must be home early, and where could the children be? Surely they know it's nearly suppertime. Hastily she put the lid back on the box, but not before a breeze blew through the window and scattered the petals of the gardenia. There they lay scattered on the floor . . . blown petals . . . memories.

Dorothy Reisig, '49.

The Fir Tree

Staunch and stately it stands,
The fir tree in the wood.
Green hands lift ever upward,
Tall and straight as an arrow,
Rocked by winds from afar.
A home for the birds in the summer,
A lonesome fir in the winter.
Bravely it battles the icy blast,
Moaning the lullaby of the winds.
Patiently it keeps its vigil,
Waiting for the spring;
Spring with its warmth and flowers
Kisses the fir tree's needles.
How the fir longs for winter's parting,
How he wishes that spring were here.
. . . Will it ever come?

Junedean Batchelder, '49.

Silhouettes

As a child did you ever lie in bed, supposingly taking a nap, and watch the soft wind blow the branches of a tree outside your window? With a little imagination you could make out silhouettes of a face. As the wind blew, the jaw or mouth would move and you could easily see the "face" was scolding.

When walking down a forest path at night did you ever let your imagination run away with you? The stones in your path seemed to become small live animals and the trees appeared as monsters stretching their twisting arms to snatch you, perhaps grab you up.

Have you ever gone to bed at night so tired that even the slightest noise frightened you? If it were a moonlight night, maybe the irregular shape of something on your desk silhouettted against the window seemed to move as though it were the hand of a burglar who was crouching in the dark. You were paralized by fear; you scarcely breathed!

Did you ever feel a bit sorry for a scrawny little tree atop a mountain? Standing all alone silhouetted against the evening sky, it seemed so lonely. It had no other trees to play with in the daytime and none to say its evening prayers with at dusk. Only the winter winds were there to lash at it in December, but in the spring it seemed to grow plump with leaves and the soft, warm breezes blew it to and fro against the azure sky.

How dull our lives would be if we had no imagination to enrich the everyday silhouettes of life!

Carlin Speir, '49.

March 31

I cannot sleep. . . .
The streetlight from the corner
Casts strange jig-saw patterns
On my wall. They never last,
But change as tree limbs rise and fall.
Wind lifts the curtain at my window
And rattles the shade from time to time
Announcing defiantly his presence
In the room. And from the avenue below
A duet of muffled laughter invades
The silence of this midnight hour
Then passes on. . .
By what Power am I chosen to keep
This lonely vigil and be a witness
To the birth of April?
I cannot sleep. . .

Cameron Link, '49.

The New Is Old

In that first garden
Even then there lay beneath the grass
A muddy clay
Possessed of all those elements
Now so precious,
Now so fearful,
That make up man's most dreadful achievement. . .
The Atom Bomb.

In that first garden
Even then there dwelt above the grass
A man and woman
Endowed with all these qualities
Still so precious,
Still so fearful,
That make up God's most loved creation. .
Man, in His own image.

JOAN FLYNN, '49.

Music

Music is an intrinsic part of life;
Rhythm, the basic element,
Is in our very heartbeat,
Our step, our speech.
The harmony of music
Occupies community living;
It is the cogwheel of society,
The main-spring of co-operation.
Melody elevates life,
Adding beauty, joy, color.
It spirits away the mind
To magical worlds of its own.

ELEANOR GREENE, '49.

My Mother's Smile

My Mother's eyes are pools of love,
Her arms enclose a place of rest
Her voice is low, kind, and sweet,
But of all her smile is best.

Her eyes are bays of peace,
They always seem to search for me;
Her arms form a circle of love
That is mine and shall always be.

Her voice was made to soothe and quiet
My fears I daily bring to her;
Her smile is more by far than those.
Because the lovely smile is Mother.

FREDA SILER, '51.

Blown Petals

The sultry afternoon sun brought with it fragrance from the garden below, as it shone on the head of a pale, dark haired girl. She was sitting on a window seat looking at a large gold and white book. As she turned the first page, several petals drifted to the floor and her mind drifted back over the years.

Here were the flowers from her first dance. . . soft lights, beautiful music, and Jim, the idol of her high school days. Then there was graduation; she would never forget that night, for Jim gave her his class ring. Then there was that too wonderful summer. . . picnics, hayrides, and maybe just being with Jim. Then college followed and she met Bill, and somehow Jim just faded out of the picture. In her last year she got her ring. They planned their future, their wedding, and hoped and dreamed with a happiness too perfect.

Suddenly a voice broke through her reverie. . . Yes, it was her roommate. . . also a leper.

HARRIET *HOPKINS*, '49.

The Freshman Prayer

Dear Heavenly Father, grant that we
Clean, pure, and honest shall ever be.
Guide and direct us every one
That our life may be a job well done.
We implore Thy blessing upon us all,
Until that day when to Thee we are called.
Grant each one a heart that is true,
Willing Thy work always to do.
Open our eyes that we may see
All the goodness that comes from Thee.
Help us to trust our fellow man;
To always help him when he can,
That we might play an enlightening part
In some lonely downcast heart.
Thou who sent Thy Son to die on the cross
And bring back ideals that man had lost,
All these things we ask of Thee,
Faithfully knowing what Thy answer will be.

JANE COCKE, '52.

Anthem

Rejoice ye now, oh ancient conquering trees,
Flying thy age-old anthem to the breeze!
Tall branches proudly sweep
For thou art given a glorious watch to keep,
A watch over Saint Genevieve's.
Up among the high hills they stand,
Hills made by the Master's hand.
If I could but kneel in prayer alone
Beneath those trees Saint Genevieve's calls her own.

ALICE LAKEY, '52.

Land of My Dreams

I wandered in a magic spot
Far from the touch of man;
No mortal lingered near me
In that land no bridge could span.

I came upon a clearing
No artist's brush could draw,
And I sank upon the carpet green
For my soul was filled with awe.

Little folk gathered round me
And they were speechless, too,
In their tiny robes of petals
Enriched by gems of dew.

A pale, lime moon was beaming
A strange and leery light
That wound around the branches
And curled about the night.

A tranquil stream lay resting;
Its voice was hushed with sleep
While the moonbeams glittered silver
From the music of its deep.

A lonely mist was searching
With fingers long and thin;
It pried into each shadow
Of the clearing I was in.

The strains of haunting music
Drifted through the air;
I looked to find the player,
But saw I nothing there.

Then over my enchantment
The dawn began to creep;
The little folk retreated
On quick and soundless feet.

I begged them not to leave me;
A cry escaped my throat.
A tear fell on my pillow. . .
It was wet when I awoke!

Betty Crain, '51.

Question

Dear little willow, why do you weep?
  Your branches hang so low.
Could it be that you know a secret,
  That the other trees don't know.

Eileen Darden, '51.

Blown Petals

Carl dashed off the last line, threw down the pen, and crammed the closely written sheets into a large manila envelope. He snatched his hat and coat from the hall rack as he ran through the door and up the street. At the corner he narrowly escaped being run down by a speeding car.

Glancing nervously at his wrist watch, Carl sped on to the next intersection. The bus was just driving away from the curb when his frantic signal caught the driver's attention. He sprang in as the door slammed after him and fell breathlessly into a seat.

The next five blocks seemed endless. He jumped to the curb, zigzagged through the crowd, and dashed up the stairs and through the publishing-house doors just as the town clock struck five. . . the contest deadline!

He reached under his arm for the manila envelope. . . there was nothing!

Elizabeth Gregg, '49.

Arrival of An Ocean Liner

The passengers of the big ocean steamer lined the rail, each hoping to be the first to see port. The fog that had followed them from their port of embarkation began to lift and a soft, peculiarly warm light rested upon the ship and its passengers, leaving the empty ocean of time and space behind. A gentle breeze flitted from person to person tickling their nostrils with delicately perfumed odors. A soft celestial kind of music faint in the distance permeated the air, giving a delightful sense of well-being down to the lowest depths of one's soul.

Rolling green hills appeared on the horizon. Something was missing! Of course! There were no tugboats yelping or sea gulls crying. Everything was supremely peaceful. As the ship neared its moorings, people in soft pastelle-shaded robes strolled to and fro in the simplest tranquility. The liner made fast to her dock. The gang plank was lowered. The passengers filed down the plank with their passports to be inspected by the Great Harbor Master, who would give them a fatherly embrace and welcome them to their last port.

Mary Esther Brown, '50.

Vital

NAMES	BIRTHDAYS	ADDRESS
SENIORS		
Junedean Batchelder	December 4	Route 2, Asheville
Maydean Batchelder	December 4	Route 2, Asheville
Betty Vere Bradley	September 2	1144 Rosedale Avenue, Atlanta, Georgia
Joanne Cox	July 28	4 Crescent Avenue, Enka, N. C.
Joan Flynn	April 14	Albemarle Inn, Asheville
Eleanor Greene	March 6	The Willows, Albemarle Park, Asheville
Elizabeth Gregg	January 10	14 Pickwick Road, Asheville
Harriet Hopkins	July 8	29 Ridgewood Place, Asheville
Patsy Jansen	September 24	41 Malborough Road, Asheville
Beverly Justice	February 10	41 Marlborough Road, Asheville
Jerre King	March 31	Gantt's Quarry, Alabama
Janice Lambert	November 2	33 Lenox, Asheville
Cameron Link	October 5	Box 243, Neptune Beach, Florida
Jane Mac Rae	December 25	25 Pine Tree Circle, Asheville
Willie Moritz	June 8	"Lucindia", Stuart, Florida
Jane Reese	January 5	Route 2, Asheville
Dorothy Reisig	July 24	70 Kenilworth Road, Asheville
Carlin Speir	April 1	Veteran's Hospital, Oteen, N. C.
Mary Tower	December 16	1131 Obispo Avenue, Coral Gables, Florida
Pat Westall	August 5	8 Westwood Road, Asheville
Frances Williams	May 7	219 Colonial Avenue, Charlotte, North Carolina
Ann Williamson	January 8	134 Edwin Place, Asheville
Christine Wilson	December 17	111 Westwood Road, Asheville
JUNIORS		
Mary Esther Brown	May 5	188 Flint Street, Asheville
Mary Ida Brown	July 24	20 Griffing Boulevard, Asheville, North Carolina
Ellen Casselberry	April 27	Bent Creek Ranch, Asheville
Marthann Coleman	December 6	42 Albemarle Road, Asheville
Betty Copenhaver	October 23	Asheville School, North Carolina
Suzanne Coston	September 1	164 Kimberly Avenue, Asheville
Mary Helen Crain	February 12	2411 Club Boulevard, Durham, North Carolina
Ruth Greene	January 31	701 West Union Extension, Morganton, N. C.
Carolyn Higdon	August 7	44½ Lucerne Avenue, West Asheville
Betty Huntsman	February 1	11 West Avon Parkway, Asheville
Jean Keith	December 14	Clark's Chapel Road, Weaverville, North Carolina
Jane Kennedy	January 26	36 Ridgewood Road, Asheville
Aileen Johnston	October 9	11 North Kensington Road, Asheville
Judy Lee Knight	September 20	12 Linden Avenue, Asheville
Pat Loftin	November 13	Box 44, Weaverville, N. C.
Maria Teresa Lopez	July 3	Avenue 7A No. 937, Cali, Columbia, South America
Patsy Maley	October 16	Box 29, Brevard, N. C.
Molly Matthews	April 22	Battery Park Hotel, Asheville
Joan Mulvaney	April 10	97 Louisiana Avenue, West Asheville
Avis Ann Oehlbeck	July 20	227 Riverside Drive, Morganton, North Carolina
Lelia Parker	May 18	130 Edwin Place, Asheville
Virginia Penney	May 7	1613 South Atlantic, Daytona Beach, Florida
Jean Shope	July 14	Weaverville, N. C.
Joan Shope	July 14	Weaverville, N. C.
Jeanne Stevens	March 25	25 Linden Avenue, Asheville
Reid Stratton	October 1	241 Murdock Avenue, Asheville
Jeannette Vaulot	July 16	Calzada No. 1155, Vedado, Havana, Cuba
Janet Volk	October 29	Box 105, Wrightsville Beach, N. C.
Miriam Wright	August 13	6 West Andrews Drive, N. W., Atlanta, Georgia

Statistics

NAMES	BIRTHDAYS	ADDRESS
SOPHOMORES		
Betty deBeilby	August 18	Care of United Fruit Company, Preston Oriente, Cuba
Ann Clark	September 30	Box 5024, Biltmore, N. C.
Jackie Couch	November 19	495 Haywood Road, West Asheville
Betty Crain	December 31	2411 Club Boulevard, Durham, N. C.
Eileen Darden	February 12	4 Holmwood Road, Asheville
Betty Harris	February 27	192 Lakeside Drive, Asheville
Jhan Hiott	February 27	142 Wentworth Street, Charleston, S. C.
Dawn Lantzius	July 24	28 Manetta Road, Asheville
Sheila McCabe	November 24	12 Westgate Road, Asheville
Myriam Noguera	August 30	Calle 39 No. 14-62 Bogota, Colombia, S. A.
Joan Ramsey	April 22	45 Lawrence Place, Asheville
Marilyn Romieux	May 22	Arco Road, Haw Creek, Asheville
Catherine Russell	June 25	65 Edgewood Road, Asheville
Paula Sigal	April 21	420 Cherokee Road, Charlotte, N. C.
Freda Siler	February 26	Box 93, Franklin, N. C.
Katherine Smith	November 26	20 White Oak Road, Asheville
Jane Swicegood	April 2	251 South French Broad Avenue, Asheville
Mabel White	January 20	16 Gertrude Place, Asheville
FRESHMEN		
Carmen Argomaniz	November 29	Calle 36 entre ly 3 No. 24, Miramar, Havana, Cuba
Barbara Brittner	October 4	19 Silver Street, Asheville
Nancy Buran	May 29	129 Westwood Road, Asheville
Jane Cocke	February 28	430 Merrimon Avenue, Asheville
Pauline Colthurst	April 21	Swannanoa, N. C.
Keller Cushing	October 2	61 Hilbriton Drive, Asheville
Shirley Doherty	May 28	56 Orchard Street, Asheville
Pat Fesperman	December 18	20 Woodvale Avenue, Asheville
Betsy Giles	November 19	Pearson Street, Morganton, N. C.
Hansje Gorter	March 12	14 Hillcrest, Enka, N. C.
Sonya Hagna	November 13	123 North Main, Marion, N. C.
Margie Hartshorn	December 21	320 Vanderbilt Road, Asheville
Ann Herlong	February 27	Box 1837, Greenville, S. C.
Mary Ann Hicklin	April 18	Long Shoals Road, Arden, N. C.
Sally Hope	April 5	307 Hampton Avenue, Honea Path, S. C.
Alice Lakey	November 4	20 Galax Street, West Asheville
Maria Lamprinakos	May 21	2 Woodley Avenue, Asheville
Landon Lewis	October 18	Asheville School, N. C.
Ruth Lott	March 22	310 Vanderbilt Road, Asheville
Connie McMahon	August 24	15 Beaver Drive, Asheville
Carolyn Mulvaney	December 23	97 Louisiana Avenue, West Asheville
Patricia Stevens	December 18	Box 265, Oteen, N. C.
Alice Tyler	March 21	400 Kimberly Avenue, Asheville
Jeannette Uzzell	August 25	9 Griffing Boulevard, Asheville
Rosemary Whitmire	April 16	Box 84, Route 3, Asheville

Patrons

Alley Taxi Company
All-Sports Store, Inc.
American Enka Corporation
Asheville Army Store
Asheville Citizen-Times Engraving Company
Asheville Citizens Transfer and Coal Company
Asheville Cleaners and Dryers
Asheville Plastic Tile Company
Asheville Sporting Goods Store
Bainbridge Jewelers
Ralph Bell Jewelers
Beverly Hills Company
Biltmore Drug Store
Biltmore Five-and-Ten Store
Rhetta Bollinger
Brody's Stork's Nest
Buford-Lange Company
Edwin Burge
Mr. Bill Caldwell
Cannon Music Company
Carolina Cream Do-Nut Shop
Carolina Garden Stores, Inc.
Citizens Hardware and Supply Company
City Market
Mr. B. S. Colburn
Mr. W. T. Coleman
Seldon Cooper
Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Cox
Mr. C. F. Crow
Dorothy Field Old-Fashioned Candies
Dunham's Music House
Durham Food Store
Eckerd's
Eleanor Elizabeth Candy Shop
A Friend
Mr. H. I. Gaines
Gate City Auto Supply
Gordon's Jewelers
Grace Supply Company
Ottis Green Hardware
Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Greene

Patrons

Bonnie Harris Shop
Haverman's Picture Frame Shop
Hayes and Lunsford Electric Company
Lyle Henderson Studio
Hill's Market
Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hunt
Ivey's, Inc.
Keith's Super Cleaners
Kenilworth Drug Store
Lee's Jewelers
Owen Loaders
Dr. and Mrs. Donald MacRae
McIntyre Brothers Fruit Store
Moore's Bakery
Morgan Brothers, Inc.
Moseley's Shoe Rebuilder
Orange-Crush Bottling Company
Miss Constance Osborne
Dr. J. E. Owen
Pack Square Hat Cleaner and Shoe Repairers
Mr. C. D. Parker
Mrs. R. M. Powell
Publix-Bamford Theaters, Inc.
Reliable Loan Office
Salley's Drug Store
Mr. John E. Schley
Sears-Roebuck and Company
Service Paint Company
Miss Betty Sharry
Singer Sewing Machine Company
E. S. Street Company
Superior Coal Company
Thomas Buick, Inc.
Veteran's Taxi Company
Village Library
Mrs. Edna Volk
Wachtel's, Inc.
Henry Westall Company
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Williams
Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Williamson
Winner's

GHOST TOWN
1949

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